2. *Soul.* But the King hath a heauy reckoning to make,
If his cause be not good; when all those soules
Whose bodies shall be slaughtered here,
Shall ioyne together at the latter day,
And say I dyed at such a place. Some swearing;
Some their wiues rawly left;
Some leauing their children poore behinde them.
Now if his cause be bad,
I thinke it will be a greeuous matter to him.
King. Why so you may say, if a man send his seruant
As Factor into another Country,
And he by any meanes miscarry,
You may say the businesse of the Master
Was the author of his seruants mis-fortune.
Or if a sonne be imployd by his father,
And he fall into any leud action, you may say the father
Was the author of his sonnes damnation.
But the master is not to answer for his seruant,
The father for his sonne, nor the king for his subiects;
For they purpose not their deaths,
When they craue their seruices;
Some there are that haue the gift
Of premeditated murder on them:
Others the broken seale of Forgery, in beguiling maidens
Now if these out-strip the law,
Yet they cannot escape Gods punishment.
War is Gods Beadle. War is Gods vengeance:
Euery mans seruice is the Kings:
But euery mans soule is his owne.
Therefore I would haue euery souldier examine himselfe,
And wash euery moth out of his conscience,
That in so doing, he may be the readier for death;
Or not dying, why the time was well spent,
Wherein such preparation was made.
3. *Soul.* I faith he saies true,
Euery mans fault is on his owne head,

I would not haue the king answer for me,
Yet I intend to fight lustily for him.
King. Well, I heard the king wold not be ra
2. *Soul.* I he said so, to make vs fight;
But when our throats be cut, he may be ranso
And we neuer the wiser.
King. If I liue to see that, ile neuer trust his
2. *Soul.* Masse you'l pay him then,
Tis a great displeasure that an elder
Gun can do against a Cannon,
Or a subiect against a Monarch.
You'l nere take his word againe, you are a nas
King. Your reproofe is somewhat too bitt
Were it not at this time I could be angry.
2. *Soul.* Why let it be a quarrell if thou wil
King. How shall I know thee?
2. *Soul.* Here's my gloue, which if euer I see
Ile challenge thee, and strike thee.
King. Here is likewise another of mine,
And assure thee ile weare it.
2. *Soul.* Thou dar'st as well be hangd.
3. *Soul.* Be friends you fooles,
We haue French quarrels enow in hand,
We haue no need of English broyles.
King. Tis no treason to cut French Crown
For to morrow the King himselfe will be a cli
Exit the so

Enter to the King, Glocester, Epingha
and Attendants.

King. O God of battels steele my souldier
Take from them now the sence of reckoning,
That the apposed multitudes which stand be
May not appale their courage.
O not too day, not too day O God,